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KRISHNA'S FLUTE

AND OTHER POEMS

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And other Poems

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BY

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KRISHNA'S FLUTE

I

HARK to the roar of battle, near and far !
Rending the air and piercing through the sky.
Conchs, horns and drums, and myriads ranged for war,
Hurling defiance, doubled with each cry.
Hark ! how their shouts arise tumultuously,
As burst the ocean waves in storm and thunder.
Steeds, elephants and chariots throng to fly
Through gathered hosts—to crush or cleave asunder
In front and those behind, above, around and under.

II

Now all are ready for the deepening day,
To win immortal glory, or be slain
Upon the battlefield as warriors pray—
To whom is life but honour to obtain,
And death, a door to heavenly bliss again.
But he, of matchless might and holy grace,
Is pale and silent, and hath sought in vain
To calm his troubled thoughts and cool his face ;
And cannot fight, nor fly—nor keep, nor quit his

III

Amidst the embattled hosts his car he stayed,
And on the plain the warriors bold he eyed ;
Where stood the children of his race arrayed,
And friends and learned teachers on each side.
" I cannot fight with these," he sadly cried,
" Nor kill my kith and kin to sin and shame.
Show me the righteous path, oh Heavenly Guide !
My mind is clouded—quivers all my frame,
To see this impious war whose burning meed we claim.

IV

" What joy is there in gilded pomp or crown ?
Triumphant greed upon a tottering throne ;
Or barren smiles of victory and renown
In vacant bowers and voiceless halls of stone,
With all the dear ones dead, and we alone ?
Better a hermit's fare in lowly cell,
A floral crown, a forest kingdom own,
Than in the midst of moaning mansions dwell,
With slaughtered sighs and groans, and murdered manhood's knell.

V

Unknown we lived for six and seven years,
gloomy haunts and stony, eyeless caves ;
h lions, bears and snakes, and tigers fierce,
re storms arise, and Indra's thunder raves

O'er snowy mountains, lashing white the waves.
We reck not of a throne or purple pride ;
Nor e'er our heart for earthly kingdom craves ;
Let those who long for palaces, abide
In robes of royal shame, dishonour's portals wide."

VI

The blessed Lord by Arjun thus addressed,
Who sank in deep dejection by his side,
Beheld the tumult of his rising breast,
And smiling gazed on him, the Lotus-eyed,
And softly moved to pity, thus replied.
For India's kindred millions on that day
Had sallied forth in all their bloody pride ;
And Krishna did His pupil's fears allay,
Speaking in hope their doom which none could change or stay.

VII

" Rise, Arjun, rise," He said, " uplift thy arm,
And with thy mighty bow lay all in dust.
Fear not thy duty's call in weak alarm
For those that fall to-day :—for so they must.
All earthly things will grow to fade and rust,
And wise men at these changes do not grieve ;
Nor deem the law eternal as unjust,
Or cruel its decree that bids Time weave
The wreath of Life and Death in flowers of morn and eve.

VIII

" Immortal is the soul—it cannot die,
But wears when they are old its garments new ;
Nor fire, nor wind, nor wave can burn or dry,
Or wet the ethereal essence none may view.
What then can human hands or weapons do ?
Yet all must part—nor need they to lament ;
Mysterious is the source, mysterious too
The end of life on earth :—A few days lent
To spend below when no one knows to where it went.

IX

" Perform thy duty with a heart entire,
And firm in union with the law divine ;
Renounce the fruit, the deed and the desire—
Success or failure is for ever Mine.
Into the fire of sacrifice resign
Thyself to Me, unmoved by fear or hate ;
And so escape the tangles that entwine
Delusion round thy path, and dedicate
This war to newer Life through death's impurpled gate."

X

" By what, oh Lord ! " said Arjun, " is the mind,
Unsteady, driven away from its true goal ?
And what the path, and how to seek and find
The living light of the Eternal Whole,

With heart infirm and thoughts beyond control ?
Thou speak'st of duty, and the calmness born
Of still desires renounced within the soul :
Then wherefore urg'st me on this dreaded morn
To deeds of blood and death of all their glory shorn ? "

XI

" Duty is life," said Krishna, " to refrain
From duty's worse than hundred deaths can be ;
By mere renunciation canst not gain
The blissful kingdom of thy liberty.
Divine are all the deeds, and wondrously
The eternal Lord enshrined in all, will make
By righteous acts thy heart for ever free.
In peace and war within thy bosom wake
This burning light of truth when all thy bonds will break :—

XII

" Desire and passion sway the mind to sin,
And desecrate the temple of the heart ;
And stain the altar of the soul within,
As smoke envelops fire, and clouds impart
Their shadow to the ocean whence they start.
Entwined with hopes and fears and longings sweet,
They tempt even the sages great, and thwart
Thy wisdom, and against thee blow and beat,
As gales that hurry fast a ship with foaming feet.

XIII

" Yet greater than their heavings is the mind ;
And greater than the mind is reason pure ;
But greater I than reason unconfined,
Whose all-pervading glory will endure.
As in the heaven the pole star stands secure
Amidst all nightly changes, so do thou—
Serene, when wanton hopes thy heart allure,
Firm as a rock whom tempests cannot bow,
Enter into My being and thy essence know.

XIV

" With folded hands, and head erect, and gaze
Unwavering, fixed upon Me in the soul,
Where a celestial music ever plays
Of Life harmonious with the Loving Whole,
And shines the kindling altar of thy goal—
In a pure place, and steadfast on thy seat,
Fearless and unperplexed thy mind control.
And with thy sins destroyed, calm and sweet,
Behold Me in thy Self where Man and Maker meet.

XV

" But turn not from these worlds of Mine away,
Nor let these worlds created from thee shrink ;
In grim austerities of tortured clay
The peace of heart doth break in every link,
And I tormented with the body sink.

Exalt the self to Soul by love and faith ;
Of heavenly wisdom's deathless nectar drink ;
And where the winds of thought have wings nor breath,
Be thou a shining light that fails nor flickereth.

XVI

" But if on earth thy days should cease to be,
Ere thou hast gained thy purpose, do not grieve ;
For in the kingdom of Eternity
Wilt thou behold a newer light, and weave
Thy wreath of life unfinished in the eve.
Through endless ages is the Spirit born—
E'en I, when there's a great end to achieve ;
But never like a cloud on winter's morn
Wilt thou by angry storms be turned adrift or torn.

XVII

" When righteousness decays, and in his might,
Over the prostrate bones of helpless earth,
Triumphant Evil tramples in despite,
And truth and honour perish in their birth,
And Sin and Death hold carnivals of mirth,
Out of the burning heart of Time in pain
I hear the cry of Nature, and come forth :—
To uphold the right, destroy the tyrants' den,
And to the world restore its joy of peace again.

XVIII

" And different forms do I at will assume
To mingle with the creatures I have made ;
Free as the winds that linger o'er the bloom
Of fragrant earth, and in the odorous shade.
The worlds would fall to ruin if I stayed
Unheedful of the call of struggling Life ;
And lust and greed in madness will invade
The sacred founts of Love, and man and wife
Roll headlong down the abyss of seething, surging strife.

XIX

" Yet there is none I love or hate :—Alike
I hold the good and evil, and extend
My arm alike to succour or to strike.
The great Eternal is the source and end
Alike of all where good and evil blend,
And Time and Space, and night and morning meet ;
There in the womb which none may comprehend,
I place the seed of Life and smiling greet
Out of My teeming bosom worlds on worlds complete.

XX

" And as a loving mother in her arms
Doth rock the drowsy baby, when his play
Hath ended, and he comes to her who warms
His head upon her pillow—so do they,

The worlds I have created in the day,
Return to Me, aweary, in the night ;
And in the morn again, whose single ray
Is longer than thy myriad years in flight,
They rise and dance around My threshold in delight.

XXI

" Through light and darkness are the paths that lead
My devotees to Me ; and far away,
The spirits from their mortal meshes freed,
Ascend to Me, and through the gates of day,
Are merged in Me for evermore. But they
That pass along the rugged realms of night,
For ages in their heavenly mansions stay,
And then go earthwards from their happy height,
And mingle with the motions of the land they sight.

XXII

" Through light and darkness are the paths where move
The worlds of forms and shadows, life and death ;
And guided by the music of My love,
They fly in space above, around, beneath,
In harmony divine of wondrous breath.
Through fire and lightning, thunder, clouds and rain,
They play and pass ; and each one entereth,
When countless years complete the circling chain,
Into My home of peace and happiness again.

XXIII

" Yet there is One that knows nor death nor change,
Though all the worlds created droop or die ;
Where light nor darkness, sun nor moon may range,
Nor form nor shadow, rest nor motion lie—
The great Abode of My Immensity.
As from the ocean clouds the rivers rise,
And winding, widening to the ocean fly,
So earth and air and water, fire and skies,
Mingle and fall apart in a mysterious wise.

XXIV

" As pearls are wreathed upon a string, or air
Seated in ether, so is Life to Me—
In all its various forms so wondrous fair,
Embosomed in My spirit pure and free,
The emblem, each, of My Eternity.
As rainbow colours of the rising sun
Reflect in many hues its rays to thee,
So in His myriad phases see the One—
The changeless Lord revealed, beside whom there is none.

XXV

" Behold the Universal Self in thee,
And all things in the Universal Soul ;
And in the living light of wisdom see
The parts united to their parent Whole.

Thus Nature manifests from pole to pole
Her marvels to the visioned eye of Truth,
When from My loving devotees I roll
Their veil of ignorance, and by My ruth
They see their peace of heart in its perpetual youth.

XXVI

"All faiths, and forms of castes and creeds, are Mine,
And in their essence equal in My eyes;
Their sacred offerings, words of power divine,
And fire and incense, butter, balls of rice;
For I the worshipper and sacrifice.
And howsoever man approacheth Me,
With love and longing, weak, poor, or unwise,
Do I receive him; for all paths that be,
Are Mine, and meet in Me, as rivers in the sea.

XXVII

"And I accept the proffered sacrifice—
A fruit, a flower, or else a trembling leaf,
Or water pure that in abundance lies,
A word, a wish, a thought, however brief—
What each devoted to his own belief
Doth place upon My altar. In My name
I raise the fallen, bring to all relief;
And all their deeds of sorrow, sin and shame,
Are purified by prayer through fire of faith aflame.

XXVIII

" The worlds are Mine—I am the Universe :
Lover and husband, father, mother, friend ;
And brother, guide and goal and paths diverse,
Knower and known, without a source or end.
Undying and unborn, do I transcend
The narrow clouded gaze of humankind ;
And man and god in silent worship bend
To Me—the vast Eternal undefined—
The Lord unmanifest, unknowable, undivined.

XXIX

" I am the sun and moon and all the stars ;
I am the earth and air and ether bright ;
And water I, and fire's consuming force ;
And I, both life and death, and day and night,
And Time and Space that sever and unite.
From Me do all arise as from a womb,
The body, mind and soul, but as one light—
That shines from summer youth of beauty's bloom
To winter age, and slowly creeps into the gloom :—

XXX

" And thence again to life. The mighty Seed,
Invulnerable and unperishing,
A part of My immortal Whole indeed,
In wondrous glory all unseen doth spring,

In newer lands but as a bird on wing.
I know the present, future and the past—
The end and source mysterious of each thing.
Omniscient and omnipotent and vast,
Unrivalled, unapproached, exceeding all contrast.

XXXI

" Arjun ! arise—by action is the world ;
And action is the warrior's living breath.
Behold the banners of thy foes unfurled,
And hear their thunder shouts of war and death.
Arise and slay them :—Nothing perisheth—
Arise, the hour approacheth, nor employ
Thy mind in idle doubts, devoid of faith.
Thy duty calls thee—seek in it thy joy :—
Thy deeds are Mine—I charge thee, rise—fight and destroy ! "

XXXII

He ceased ; then Arjun thus to Him replied,
With folded hands, " Oh Lord ! I will obey ;
Thy blessed words have waved my fears aside,
As wind doth clouds, and in Thy light of day
The shadow of my doubts is chased away.
Eternal wisdom from Thee have I heard,
And glory of Thy essence :—Now I pray,
If in thus asking Thee I have not erred,
And ever on a mortal be such boon conferred,

XXXIII

" Show me Thy life celestial, as Thou art ! "
He stopped and gazed in silence at His feet,
With anxious eyes and tremor in his heart.
But him, the Lord of Lotus, smiling sweet,
In accents deep and tender thus did greet :—
" Arjun, dost wish to see Me ? Dost thou know
What thou hast asked ? Yet not in vain entreat.
Thou art My devotee, and I will show
My form divine to thee which none hath seen below.

XXXIV

" The visioned truths of Mine are hard to see,
Nor ever can the mortals bear their blaze ;
But they who serve in faith and follow Me,
By constant meditation, prayer and praise,
Renouncing all the fruit of actions, raise
In their own hearts the altar of their peace ;
And freed from moulded meshes by My grace,
Behold the living light of Love's increase,
And knower and all knowledge but as One that Is.

XXXV

" But with these eyes of flesh thou canst not see
The marvels of My vision ; and the sight
Of eyes celestial do I give to thee ;
Behold what thou hast asked ! " Then a deep light,

Dazzling and vast and manifold
Surrounded Arjun, and on every si
He saw the face of Krishna passing bri
Within whose glow a thousand suns could h
Their burning beams, and all the stars their sp
pride.

XXXVI

A thousand times more wondrous was the sight
Than all the splendours of the sky and air ;
A thousandfold more awful than the night
To a lone pathless pilgrim winding where
The fierce Himalyan lightnings flash and glare.
Refulgent essences around him flew
Out of ethereal censers rich and rare ;
And myriad flowers in rainbow radiance threw
Their blushing rays afar and stars appeared to view.

XXXVII

Round Krishna were His many thousand brides—
The eager Gopies who with souls on fire,
And eyes immersed in love, and heaving sides
Tremulous with frenzied passion, did aspire
To kiss their blooming lotus of desire.
Now Arjun sees them draw more near and near
Unto their Lord, and merge in Him attire ;
And then apart as many maids appear,
And with each one there is a Krishna everywhere.

XXXVIII

vas of celestial song
harps of strange entrancing notes
their voice divine, so sweet and strong,
mingled, now apart, in rapture floats
er odour breathing music, and devotes
On Him the glorious One, its wealth of praise.
And round His Lotus-throne whose light denotes
Love, Life and Death united in one blaze,
Brahma and Shiv and Vishnu but one altar raise.

XXXIX

And he beholds the universe in One,
And Many in the mighty universe ;
But sees in every place the Lord alone,
Though various in His forms—now mild, now fierce—
Revolving with His glance the shining spheres.
With many arms and many heads and eyes,
And crowns and robes divine and worshippers,
Arjun sees Krishna :—Awe, joy and surprise,
Transfix him, and he hears these notes ascend the skies:—

The Song of the Gopies

Oh cowherd, oh cowherd, oh joy of our heart !
And the lord of our mind and the soul !
A lotus on the lake of our life thou art,
And the light of our eyes and the goal !

The grass of thy seat, and the dust of thy feet,
Thy handmaids and milkmaids are we ;
With thy dark eyes deep, oh ! gaze on us who weep,
The glory of thy love-light to see.

The cows and the calves are calling thee to play,
And Brindaban is sighing for thee ;
The butter is ready, and the milk and the whey ;
Oh ! take them from our hands in thy glee.

From the field of our hearts we've brought thee sweet flowers—
The choicest of our bosoms on earth ;
And naked and alone we come to thy bowers—
As naked and alone in our birth !

To thy flute let us dance—in ecstasy advance—
Thrilling and throbbing with thy lay ;
And with each one thou art, and the same unapart,
Companion and guide of the way.

Thou art ours, we are thine—both human and divine,
Oh ! playmate and beloved and lord ;
With the kiss of a glance thy Radhas entrance,
Oh Keshav, oh Madhav adored !

Oh cowherd, oh Krishna, oh joy of our heart !
Our life breath and nectar of the soul !
Oh ! lift us above in the rapture of love,
That we melt and merge in thee whole.

The Song of the Gandharvas

Oh ! Lord of the Lotus, of glory divine,
Oh ! light of the winds of the world that display
ıe marvels of the music of Thy Flute, and inshrine
Thy song in the bosom of Night and the Day !

ı art fragrance in flowers in the balsam of showers ;
d love in the mother, and longing in the wife ;
auty and grace in the beloved's face ;
splendour in the stars, and the soul in all life.

Vedas, devotion of hymns ;
ıre of the poet, and wisdom of the sage ;
of secrets, and sweetness of song ;
ledge of the knowers from age unto age.

re in light, and radiance in fire ;
the waters, and seed in the earth ;
ether, and music of winds ;
reation, its blooming and birth.

ou art all, Thou art great, Thou art

and afar, in age and in prime ;
arth—in sorrow and mirth ;
Thou art Death, Thou art Space, Thou

No being can excel Thee, no vision unveil Thee ;
Unknowable, unknown, infinite, and whole ;
Nor Devas, nor men, Thy glory may ken ;
Thyself know'st Thyself, in the mind—in the soul.

Oh ! Lord of the Lotus, of marvels divine,
Oh ! light of the winds of the worlds that can pierce,
With the magic of Thy Flute, these mysteries of Thine,
Hail, hail unto Thee, and Thy Music of the Spheres !

The Song of Vishnu, Brahma and Shiv—with the Chorus of the Devas

Light of our light, and Love enthroned in love !
Life of our life, and Soul expressed in soul !
The Lord of all—around, beneath, above ;
The All in One, and undivided Whole !
Chorus—Hail, hail to Thee !

Unborn, eternal, and unmanifest,
Immortal, all-pervading Truth Thou art !
Creator, Death, Protector, and expressed
In everything, and yet alone, apart !
Chorus—Hail, hail to Thee !

Nothing there was when Thou mad'st Life so fair,
But only Thou absorbed within Thy own ;
Nor light nor shadow, God, nor Man was there,
But Thou the Universal Love alone !
Chorus—Hail, hail to Thee !

Out of Thy power of Mind and Will divine,
And Maya, all-eluding, these are made ;
The Soul and Body, Field and Flower are Thine,
And from the Lotus of Thy Light they spread !
Chorus—Hail, hail to Thee !

Unknown Thou art, immeasurable, vast—
No living creature may behold Thee so !
Thou art Thy present, future and the past—
Or Thou Thyself Thy secret dost not know !
Chorus—Hail, hail to Thee !

XL

Now all was changed :—and Arjun sees around
Dense darkness harrowed by red flames of fire ;
A howling storm that shrieked with many a sound,
A sea convulsive with its purple ire.
And now they rise in fury higher and higher,
Surrounding him, and trembling in affright,
Where elements 'gainst elements conspire,
He sees in robes of blood, but black as night,
The world-eclipsing vision of his blinded sight—

XLI

Where countless forms of awful mien and motion,
With gory hands, and gaping mouths aglow
In every jaw, were dancing on the ocean,
That in red waves of human blood did flow,

And lashed its fiery foam on all below.
And in his rear, tremendous shouts and cries
Of war and vengeance, screams and wails of woe,
And thundering rush of chariots, did arise
In bursting sounds of many earthquakes to the skies.

XLII

Above, in front, was Yama—mighty lord,
Upon his lightning throne—his crown aflame ;
His eyes with pity did the worlds regard,
Though deep and dreadful was his voice to them.
At his command, Arjun beheld, there came
A multitude of warriors, headlong dashing
Towards the fiery flood with heedless aim ;
Like moths that fall into a torch-light flashing,
Or rolling torrents down the precipices crashing.

XLIII

And as they drew anear, he recognized
The kindred foemen of the battlefield :—
The Kurus in their evil undisguised,
Their friends and followers who would not yield,
And his own comrades true, were all revealed.
Madly they rushed, and blindly did they pass
To where lay darkly purple Death concealed ;
When suddenly its rising waves did toss
Into one flaming gulf victor and vanquished mass.

XLIV

And as they fell, out of the waters rose
A multitude of voices, heavy and deep ;
More dread and deafening than of toppling snows
Rolling at night down the Himalyan steep.
Then whirlwind on whirlwind did around him sweep,
Mingling its frenzy with the ocean's fright ;
And earth, and air, and fire, and waves did leap
Up to the sky, and vanished from his sight ;
And a strange sound of woe he heard on left and right :—

Earth rules the air, and fire consumes the waves ;
Death strangles life, and darkness light enslaves ;
The yawning gulf of red destruction raves—
Destroy, destroy, destroy !

The sun and moon from western shores arise ;
And comets trail at mid-day through the skies ;
And stars eclipsed behold with blinded eyes—
Joy, joy, joy !

His lightning flames hath Time around him kindled ;
The burning ages unto moments dwindled ;
And all to ashes shrunk, black, white and brindled,
Sink in one heap, one heap !

The son against his sire, and with his wife
The husband wars ; and brothers are at strife ;

And kinsmen, friends and elders plunge the knife
Deep, deep, deep !

The mother eats her babes, the field its flowers ;
The earth invades the sky and builds her towers ;
And Man against the Lord displays his powers,
And proudly perisheth.

One cycle ends, another takes its place ;
The world dissolves, and leaves behind no trace ;
The Iron Age commences now its race
In fire and bleeding breath.

Hail, Arjun, hail ! thy fears can nought avail.
Thou but an instrument, and canst not fail ;
The deed is done already :—Hail ! oh hail !
To glory out of Death
Thy victory vanquisheth :
Hail ! thou destroyer of thy kinsmen, foemen, hail !

XLV

Amazed he heard and saw these sounds and sights—
Aghast and stupefied—his hair on end ;
And trembling like a leaf on winter nights
Of bleak and bitter north winds, did he bend
Down on his knees :—" Forbear, forbear to rend,

Oh mighty Lord ! " he cried, " my quivering heart ;
Mercy, oh Krishna, cease—Thy wrath suspend.
Ten thousand worlds are blazing in each part
In Thee, and perish :—Speak, what terrible God Thou art ? "

XLVI

And more he could not say, but pale with fear,
Fell down breathless and stunned. And then arose
A Voice above him—deep, but sweet to hear,
As of the waves in Spring when moonlight throws
Its melting glance upon them :—" He who knows,
Oh Arjun ! falls nor faints—dead or alive ;
Behold the destined doom of friends and foes
Unalterably fixed ; nor vainly strive
Against their fate forecast :—Thou shalt alone survive.

XLVII

" Death am I, and to My destructive teeth
Have drawn in all the worlds with flaming eyes
These hosts are slain already, nor can breathe
A moment longer than their day. Arise,
Arise and slay them, and immortalize
Thy name to all the ages, and enjoy
Thy kingdom, life and wealth of victories ;
Fear not—no foul mishap can thee annoy ;
Thou but the outward hand of Mine :—Fight and destroy ! "

XLVIII

Then Arjun, trembling still with awe, replied,
" Oh ! loftier than the farthest flights of mind,
Omniscient, mighty armed and many eyed,
Thy glorious presence everywhere I find.
Unnumbered suns and moons and stars fall blind
Into Thy dazzling splendour, and behold,
The sages and the holy saints combined
With all the multitudes of Heaven, unfold
Thy praise in far resounding music, fiery souled.

XLIX

" Radiant in rainbow splendour, o'er the sky ;
Blazing as sacrificial fire, on earth ;
Around as shining ether ; far and nigh ;
Beginningless and endless in Thy birth,
In many matchless forms Thou streamest forth
The worlds all sink into Thee, and I see,
Oh ! mighty Vishnu of this awful mirth,
The universe aglow, and heedlessly
These hosts of men rush out, and all consumed.

L

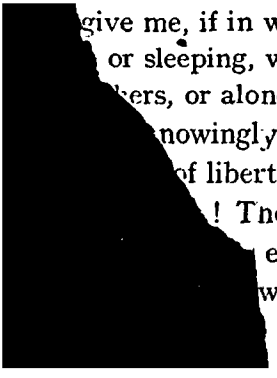
" The worlds are Thine—Thou art the
Father and mother, brother, guide
Parent of Brahma, Devas, lords of
Immortal Truth, eternal Dharma's

Thou art the sky and earth from pole to pole,
And fire and air and water, life and death.
And Time and Space and light and darkness roll
At Thy command, and vanish in a breath.
Hail, hail, oh Lord of Love where nothing perisheth !

LI

" Thou art the purest, holiest and the best ;
Supremest Soul, divine deliverer ;
Fountain of light and life in every breast,
And isle of rest to every voyager.
I fall before Thee, Lord ! Thy worshipper,
And lowliest servant, at Thy blessed feet ;
Forgive me if, oh Vishnu ! I did err,
And fondly called Thee friend and Madhav sweet,
Unconscious of Thee all—unworthy, indiscreet !

LII



give me, if in word or thought or deed,
or sleeping, working or at play,
ers, or alone, did I exceed,
nowingly, by night or day,
of liberty no creature may.
! Thou sinless Lord, forgive,
erring child alway,
where true affection live,
belovéd sensitive.

LIII

" Forgive me, and these warriors proud who seek
Their fearful end today in blood and death ;
Forgive their helpless babes and widows weak,
And this unhappy land that witnesseth
The slaughter of her children. In one breath
The glory of this race doth pass away,
And all its ancient manhood vanisheth.
I see and weep ; but in the distant day,
Beyond the hooded darkness of the night, a ray

LIV

" Of dawning hope again doth strike my eye,
And I take comfort in Thy heavenly sight.
What I have seen of Thy immensity
Hath filled my heart with awe and strange delight.
I worship Thee, oh Lord of Love and Light !
With body, mind and soul, I worship Thee !
What Thou dost order is divinely right.
And now, Thy flute in hand, appear to [redacted]
With discus, mace and crown, as Thou [redacted]

LV

" Fear not, oh Arjun ! " said the [redacted]
" Thou hast beheld today what [redacted]
Nor alms, nor Vedas may this [redacted]
Nor meditation, nor austerity.

[redacted]y devotee, and unto thee,
[redacted]e I revealed the secrets of My heart—
Pleased with the love that thou dost bear to Me ;
Yet be not anxious so for those that part,
And those that will remain—eternal, as thou art.

LVI

" They pass away, and others take their place ;
From north and south and west and east, behold,
New creeds and colours of each newer race,
Mingle with those of thine, and from the old
A newer manhood rises, pure and bold.
New kingdoms will there be upon this earth—
True Dharma's field, and cities bright as gold ;
But they alone in whom is Dharma's birth
Will last :—the rest all perish even in their mirth.

LVII

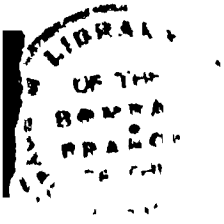
[redacted]ge to age shall I appear again ;
[redacted]u, My mighty instrument ;
[redacted]sewhere, Dharma to maintain,
[redacted] the Law, and earth is rent
[redacted]es to Me her deep lament.
[redacted]quers life with Truth divine ;
[redacted]e pure and innocent ;
[redacted]rld, and in its shrine
[redacted]live for ever—thine and Mine.

LVIII

Unnumbered ages o'er the earth have rolled ;
Uncounted changes have her children seen ;
New kingdoms have arisen o'er the old—
Buried beneath their smiling gardens green ;
And so have many royal races been.
But through the whirling storms and glooms of years,
Eternal Dharma in a light serene,
With heavenly eyes, in Voice of God, appears
To all :—for Dharma is the Music of the Spheres.

LIX

" And now behold, as I was wont to be,
In human form, thy Madhav as before.
Thou art My friend, and see, thy Keshav see,
Beside thee in the chariot—there once more."
He ceased.—The awful vision was then o'er,
And Krishna stood by Arjun, smiling sweet ;
In silken robes of yellow that he wore,
And peacock crest and ornaments complete ;
His flute in hand and lotus light around His feet.



SATI

" Oh ! come and kiss the blooming rose of life ;
Oh ! come and kiss the blushing rose of love ;
Oh ! come and sit beside me in the soul,
Heart into heart, and lips, and eyes to eyes."
She sighed and ceased ; but still her bosom heaved,
And longing flushed the twilight on her cheeks
To a more deepened crimson, and her hand
Yet quivered o'er the harp whose plaintive notes,
Mingling with lingering echoes of her song,
Prolonged the impassioned tremor of the strains.

It was the hour of sunset ; and the light
Of heaven lay trembling in the golden arms
Of swift departing day, and in the west,
Bright as with bridal joy of coming mirth,
Suffused the air and sk[illegible] vith blushful beams.
And underneath, the [illegible]d Ganga flowed
Softly, and the breez[illegible] whispering to her waves
In rippling music, an[illegible] ilight loves
Of earth and heaven, [illegible] iant smiles of eve,
In purple passion on l[illegible] ers shone.

This, Sati from her chamber window saw—
Enravished by the glory of the sight.
And then a sigh sank on her lips, and swelled
The tumult in her heart, and wistfully
She gazed upon the parting signs of day.
And now the lord of light retired to rest,
And one by one the stars appeared to view
Out of the deepening shadow of the dusk,
And earth lay darkling on her pillowed arms.
But still was Sati gazing towards the west,
Rapt in the woven mazes of her mind,
And reddened in the afterglow of eve
With tender, tearful eyes. But as at night,
The wandering bird comes homeward to its nest
From far off heights, so she on fancy's wings,
Flying through lonely labyrinths of her soul,
Now sank upon her seat in the unlit room.

The Vina lay before her and she took
That lovers' instrument of mingling notes,
Uniting with its thrilling harmonies
Two parted hearts, and kissed it ; and a pale
Smile wreathed her lips and eyes, and her soft hand
Straying over the strings unheedingly,
Moved them to a strange music, and her soul,
Awakened by their sweet, spontaneous sounds,
Leaped with the peal within her, and her tongue
Burst out again, responsive, in this song :—

The day hath laid him on the bed of night ;
The peering stars are trembling in their light ;
And all around,
The sunset glow hath faded into gloom,
And glimmering darkness hovers in its room—
Without a sound.

The evening songs of playful birds are ended ;
The twilight hath their love and longing blended
Within the breast ;
And in their downy nests in peace are keeping—
Their mates beside their bosoms softly sleeping—
Now lulled to rest.

But I alone of all the world am sighing ;
Yearning for him who lingers unreplying—
Oh ! where, oh ! where ?
I knew not when he parted from my side,
That I should be so long a loveless bride,
And thus despair !

They bring the news of wounded and the slain—
I hear and tremble :—Oh ! the mother's pain,
And widow's woe !
Thou warrior bold ! return again to me ;
In prayer and fast I watch and wait for thee ;
Oh come ! oh come !—But God ! if that should be
'Twere death to know !

New tears brimmed in her heart, as here her song
Broke on her lips ; and bending o'er her harp,
She wept silent. The darkness of the night
Had filled the room, and twining with her hair,
Escaping in soft ringlets down her cheeks
Wet with the dews of sorrow, kissed her eyes.

Hark ! now a sudden sound is heard below,
Of thronging steps and tread of horses' hoofs ;
And then a pause :—followed by wails of woe,
And groaning anguish :—then doth some one cry,
" Sati ! Sati ! " Startled at once she rose,
Affrighted as a fawn or sleeping dove,
By the convulsions of tumultuous sounds.
The streaming flush of pain upon her cheeks
Was yet undry, but wiping them away,
Trembling and tottering hurried down the gloom
Of winding stairs, and entered the sad hall.

A single light was flickering in the niche,
And dimly cast its beams upon a group
Of circling men and women, sobbing loud.
And in their midst, upon the naked floor,
New washed with Ganga's water, wrapped in white,
Lay one whom they had in a chariot brought
That evening home, far from a bloody field
Towards the north, where multitudes in arms
Rushed to the fight in maddening fire of hate—

With fierce on-thundering fury, lightning darts
Of deep and dreadful mutilation, rage
With havoc winged—while glutted Death
Lay staring in horror on the gory plain,
Strewn thick with mangled corpses, and intrenched
With bursting blight and ruin. He had gone
With many a youth in prime of happy days,
And left his aged parents, and a wife,
Silent and sad, to hasten to the call
Of duty, life and honour, 'gainst a foe
That rushed from out the passes in the north—
Issuing from their home in central wastes
Of Asia, whence in whirlwind many a race
Hath dashed out to the palmy plains of earth,
From time to time. And these like locust swarms,
In two tempestuous waves to east and west
Carried destruction, fire and torturous death.
Frightful their looks ; their black and burning eyes,
Vast shoulders, heavy heads and dinted brows,
And sharp stern yells upon the battlefield,
Struck greater awe into their foes than arms
Of stone or steel. Lustful and murderous,
They spared nor age, nor sex, nor holy shrine.

For many years the Aryan kings made war
On these barbarian tribes, and overthrew
Their banded hordes on many a bloody field,
And checked their frightful march. But still they came,

In undiminished numbers as before—
Their pride unconquered, and their fire unquenched.

With these wild hosts the royal Chandravir
Had fought all life ; and many a plain was dyed
Black with their blood, and many a carcass rolled
Down the red stream, or in the forest choked,
Had gorged the raven, vulture and the wolf.
He was a king of that illustrious line
Whose sons had conquered many distant lands
In Hindustan, towards the northern bounds
Of hoar Himalyas, and the circling seas
To east and west ; and his proud ancestry,
Extending over many thousand years
To that great battle where the nations fought
Upon the purple plain of Shiv, and fell
Destroyed by each other's kindred arms,
Recounted many names of days of yore—
Arjun and Pooru and the Lunar lords.
No braver princes lived in Hindustan,
Renowned for truth and ancient chivalry,
And righteous war against the ravager.
Nor was their name yet sullied by that league
Which brought the Tartar conqueror to the banks
Of Ganga and the Yamuna, and dissolved
The union of the children of one race,
And gave the land to the invader's sword.
His fathers had been foremost to combine

Against the great Sikander, and repelled
In after years the hordes of central tribes—
Yavans and Sakas and the Scythian hosts.

But now the king was old, and at Kanouj,
The royal city of his ancient race,
In honour ruled. Yet when the grim approach
Of these white fiends was heard towards his realm,
He quickly sent his only son and heir
To meet these savage murderers, ere they passed
Into his kingdom. So he went to fight
The Huns. There still the battle raged, and still,
In doubtful conflict, reckless, ruthlessly,
Heaping the earth with slaughter, and the air
Rending with fierce and fiery thunderbolts,
Hung the obdurate foes, on either side
Relentless and unyielding. Furiously,
Mad elephants, and chariots, trampling steeds,
Arrows and spears and swords and javelins sharp,
With many a mace and keen edged discus whirled,
Crushing and cutting and tearing through the crowds,
In uttermost confusion. Many a youth
Perished unknown; and many more who lay
Promiscuous in the pile, in agony
Writhing under the torture of their wounds,
That burnt in hourly death, unheeded moaned;
Or cramped beneath in suffocation, died,
Unrecognized, unpitied, unrelieved!

But him they had extracted from that mass
Of terrible destruction; and the breath
Yet lingered in his heart, although the wounds
Were deep and deadly; and his eyes were closed
Unconscious, and his pale and parted lips
Trembled, and gasped, and groaned inaudibly.
They carried him as gently as they could,
With reeking hands upon their shoulders coarse;
Yet they would fain have wept for him they bore
So quickly away, but that the frozen tears
Had chilled the motions of their mind, and awed
By the grim horror of that carnage, clung
Fast to their hanging eyelids. Silently,
And shielded by the covert of the night,
They hurried to their tents, and laid him there.

For seven days the hovering spirit lay
'Twixt life and death; for seven days the rage
Of his delirium lasted ceaselessly.
They bound his wounds and rubbed his hands and brows;
But seven days unconscious still he slept,
Nor oped his eyes—moaning when they would press
A little milk or water down his lips.
But with the early dawn of the eighth morn
When stars yet trembled in the dewy east,
An orient light awakened in his face.
He raised his head, and gazing vacantly

Into the twilight of the tent, called out,
" Oh mother ! " But again his eyelids closed,
And feeble echo faded on his lips
E'en with the dying whisper of the words.

Beside his bed a single soldier lay,
His nurse and his attendant ; and he heard,
Amid the drowsy fantasies of dawn—
The hopes and fears and passions of the war—
His master's voice—for lightly did he sleep—
Commingled with the murmurs of his dreams.
Quickly he rose, and looked round ; and as one,
Who in the desert hearing from afar
A long loved voice of unforgotten days
Of youth and gladsome spring time, stands amazed,
With bended ears, and eager, straining eyes,
Repeating o'er the echo in his mind,
And doubting if a living sound he heard,
Or but the wanton whisper of his heart—
So Gopal watching by his master felt.

" Awake, oh lord ! " he cried, and his rough eyes
Were dim with tears—" awake, for seven days
Hast thou been sleeping in dread Yama's arms.
The battle still is raging, and the foe,
Battered, is yet unbroken, and fights on
Each day with greater fury. Rise, oh lord !

Scatter thy enemies to dust and death,
And lead thy hosts victorious to their end.
But if, oh Mother Kali ! thou art pleased
With sacrifice of life for life, behold !
E'en as the dawn is broadening into day,
And darkness shrinks behind the hills afar,
Restore him to his manly health and power,
And I and many more will light the pyre
Of thy unquenchable altar with our blood :—
So he may rise again, and fight and live."

But still the warrior slumbered on, nor heard
The faithful voice of his companion bold.
Only the golden twilight of the morn,
Now deepening in the east, had cast its rays
Of brighter light upon him where he slept :
And Gopal hoped that yet his lord would live.

And now the sun upon his orient throne
Appeared ablaze, and Gopal watching still,
E'en as a mother by her wounded child,
Heard the faint murmur of his breath, and saw,
Soft as a flower escaping from its veil
Of woven green, the languid eyes awake,
And then a feeble, faltering voice inquired,
" Where am I ? " and was hushed as suddenly.
Then he, with fluttering heart, quickly replied,

" The gods be praised ! thou wakest ; and wilt soon
Be whole again to lead thy warriors forth."
But Indrasen as one lost in a maze
Of dizzy dreamland, looked at him nor spake.

Yet day by day the stream of manhood flowed
More smoothly in his veins ; and he would wake,
And softly speak of home's endearing scenes—
The dewy dimpled smiles of youth, and joy
Of mother's bosom, and more tender loves ;
And health restored to all the deeds of life.

But often brooding o'er his broken fate
That chained him to his pillow, while the shouts
Of bursting fire were thundering near and far,
And heroes rushed to victory, or the flames
Of Death as bright and glorious, he would chafe,
Frown and lament. And then his head would reel,
His spirits droop, his fever rise again,
And he would sink upon his bed and swoon.

And then they thought, perchance, if they could bear
Him safely home, out of the fretting field,
And maddening roar of battle, though the deed
Were rife with danger, he may yet survive :—
Nursed by the tender balm of loving eyes,
And prayers and benedictions, and the care
Of ancient sages of the healing art.

A ten days' march through forests deep and thick,
Broad plains, vast fields, hamlets, and towers and towns,
Across the winter waves of many a stream,
Lay to the royal city of Kanouj.

They placed him gently in his princely car,
And fifty horsemen, Gopal at their head,
Accompanied him on the homeward way;
And they that evening at their goal arrived.

A single light was flickering in the niche,
And dimly cast its beams upon a group
Of weeping men and women, circling round,
Where Indrasen was placed upon the floor
New washed with Ganga's water; for his heart
Had quickly sunk within him, and his life
Ebbed, as the blood had flowed fresh from the wounds
Re-opened on the way. His eyes were closed
The pallid gloom of death hung on his cheeks;
His hands were cold; and from his parted lips
The broken breath came thick and painfully.

As Sati tremblingly entered the hall,
The sight of gathered mourners in the gloom
Of quivering light, struck dread into her soul
And with a nameless awe her dizzy mind
Flew quickly to the ghastly battlefield,

And conjured up the wounded and the slain
Rolling in blood, and in their midst her lord,
Encumbered with his broken sword and shield,
And drooping arm upon the purple plain.
A cry arose within her, as the whirl
Of these tempestuous thoughts rushed through her mind;
But with her lips compressed she came where stood
Her mother-in-law weeping; and then saw,
As one beholding with the dawn of day
The torture of a midnight dream alive
With all its creeping horrors to the flesh—
The white sheet and the wounded one that lay,
And all the rest imagined of her woe.

For three more days the wounded warrior lay
Lingering in life, unconscious; and they called
The holy sages from their forest haunts,
And reverend men of gifted healing art,
From distant parts to help. And night and day,
The fragrant silver lamp lights softly shone,
Feeding on butter, and pure camphor wreathed;
And incenses rose curling in the hall,
Upon a hallowed altar they had made
Of sandal wood and cloth of gold, whereon
The sacred books in silken covers lay,
Wrapped fold in fold—as is the maiden rose
Sleeping in budded beauty ere the morn

Opens with tender smiles its swelling heart.
And four young plantain trees at corners stood,
Enlinked together with fresh mango leaves,
That rose o'er arches to the canopy
Of golden silks of Kashi, where below,
The hoary priest sat every morn and eve,
Assisted by four brothers in the task
Of ceaseless prayers and recitations ; charms,
Hymns, healing verses, chanted at meet hours
Of night and day, under the influence
Propitious of the sun and moon and stars,
To invocate the Trinal Deities
Of Love and Life and Death ; and all the hosts
Of Heaven, and all the Nature gods, and all
The visioned saints and sages of the earth.
Their holy names and symbols of their power,
In mystic signs of yellow, white and red,
Were drawn in circle, where in centre blazed—
Kindled with many a song of praise and prayer,
The sacred hearth of Agni—in whose flames,
The pious Brahmans with unceasing care,
Repeating o'er the long remembered names
Of all the gods they worshipped, hourly poured
Butter and rice and incense. Oft arose
The sounds of bells and cymbals ; and their voice,
Mingling and moving in full harmony
Of deep and solemn numbers, filled the hall
At early morn and evening and midnight :—

High through the realms of everlasting Light,
Deep through the regions of unending Night,
Through Water, Air,
And Fire so fair,
Approach, ye Gods ! to earth, in all your glory bright.

To you is given the power o'er life and death ;
To you is given the power o'er earth and Heaven ;
Ye are the guardians of the ages' faith ;
And all obeisance unto you is given.
Appear below—
The lamp is low ;
Kindle it with the breath of the life ye live in !

Upon the battlefield
Of Dharma, at the call
Of his own Mother-land
He went to fight and fall ;
And now hath come to those who wail and weep,
And pray to you to save their only one—their all.

Restore the prince to health ;
The lord unto his wife ;
Restore the nation's wealth ;
Mother and father's life.
And in the radiance of this holy fire
Mingle your light with life, and make his heart entire.

Far from the realms of heavenly glory's height,
Deep through the regions of unending night,
In wave and wind,
And fire inshrined,
Appear, ye Gods! to conquer Death with Love and Light.

Thus chanted they, three times from morn to morn—
At early dawn and evening and midnight.
And in the adjoining room where lay the prince,
The gifted sages who had art to heal
Body and mind had gathered. And they tried
The quickening virtues of their mountain herbs,
And plants that rise within the forest caves,
Sunless and blind; and of the roots that grow
Submerged beneath the waves; and all of these
Had culled beneath the kindly eyes of stars,
And balmy dews of moonlight, ere the morn.
Three times a day they pressed the nerving draught
Down through his lips, and once a day renewed
The healing ointment on his splinted wounds.
And each kept watch, by turn, without the room,
From hour to hour—ready for any call.

Within, two rivals of each other's woe,
With anxious eyes and heaving bosoms sat
Beside his bed, and fasted, waked and prayed—
Mother and wife. The father came and went;

For duty's call more potent than the grief
Of his own heart, demanded him away
To state affairs, whereon the safety hung
Of his beloved subjects. For though old,
Revenge and wrath were red within him. Still
His blood rushed hotly, and as quickly arose
The ardour of his fiery days of youth,
To punish wrong or insult with his arm.
Now when he saw his wounded Indrasen,
His heart was steeled against all weakling tears;
And stern with tightened lips and gathered brows,
Before the altar of his Gods he swore—
Never to wear his royal robes and crown,
But sleep upon the bare and barren floor,
Until with mightier strength and manlier deeds
The noblest and the bravest of the land
Rushed out resistless on the flying foe,
Through fire and blood to glorious victory.
Resolving, if need be, to lead himself,
Fight sword in hand, conquer—or die a king!

But Sati—how changed was she! The dewy musk
Of the red rose had faded from her lips,
And vanished from her cheeks their tender hues
Of youth and beauty. Pale and sad was she;
Tearless—but in her eyes, out of the swell
Of surging bosom, thrilling to each woe,

Though uncommunicative in its grief,
Appeared a deep and strange unearthly light.
She spake nor sighed; but fasted, prayed and watched
Beside her husband. And as one had sought—
Following through the darkest depths of Night,
Towards the land whence no one may return,
The God of Death who bore her lord away
Out of the gloomy forest where he slept—
His life to love restored—so tremulously,
She raised her heart in fervent prayer to Heaven,
And all the Gods, to spare her hero's youth,
And take her own instead; or else divide
Her days with him, that they may live and be
Together evermore. And then arose
Before her mind, mingled with hopes and fears,
The vision of the purest Savitri
And Satyavan returning home in joy
To their old parents, blessed with double light.
And Sati hoped that yet her lord would live.

Three nights and days she prayed and watched and prayed;
Three nights and days the mother waked and wept;
Three days and nights they sought to save his life;
But on the morning of the fourth at dawn,
The lingering soul arose and passed away
To kingdoms of eternal Peace and Love.

" Of what avail, oh mother ! is thy wail ?
The anguish of rent bosom and torn hair,
Against the will of the Almighty Power
That giveth, and again doth take away."
Thus said the holy sages to the Queen,
As she, with head sunken between her knees,
Was weeping in the agony of soul,
In deep convulsive cries. And by her side,
The aged father, bowed with sorrow, knelt,
With streaming eyes, and voice choked hoarse with sobs,
Consoling her—himself disconsolate.

" Mother," said they, " be silenced. In the name
Of all thou deemest holy, be resigned.
The parting spirit from this mansion flown,
Ascends to realms of glory, joy and peace,
In life immortal ; and by weeping so,
Thou wilt but make him linger on his path
Heavenwards, not come unto thee. Be resigned !
His was a noble life upon the earth,
And on the field of Dharma laid he down
His all, responding to the sacred call
Of his beloved native land. Behold !
In sacrifice the Gods are pleased, and he,
Whom they have taken to their own, will save
His father, mother, wife, and kingdom—all.
Lady ! take comfort in the truth, and give

To her so early widowed in her youth,
The solace of a mother's riper years.
And daughter, thou—" But Sati, like a dream,
Unnoticed from the room had slipped away.

And when again she came into the hall
Of crowded mourners, all in her was changed.
She wore her purple garments of that day
Of morning joy, when in her maiden hand
She bore the garland of her soul's desire,
And chose her lord of heart out of the band
Of gathered princes in her father's court ;
And led by him before the sacred fire,
Was made his own in love and life and death.
That wedding dress again this day she wore—
With ornaments of simple wreaths of flowers.
Her feet were bare, and on her forehead shone,
Where in the centre kissed the meeting brows
Like sister twins of double jessamine,
The holy marks of wifely chastity,
In fragrant saffron. On her beaming face
The blushing rose of youth again appeared,
And in her eyes, kindling with hallowed fire,
The streaming lustre of a goddess glowed.

" What means this, Devi ? " said the hoary priest,
As she approached her mother, by the feet
Of her departed lord ; and as the queen

And king looked up to see, before them rose
A sight of incommunicable grief—
A widowed heart in wedding joy arrayed!

"What means this, Devi?" in one breath they cried,
And hoarsely sobbed. Then Sati sat beside
Her mother, who entwined her trembling arms
Around her neck, and pressed her to her heart
In an embrace of mutual misery.
And then she faintly smiled, looked up, and knelt
Before her aged parents reverently,
And calmly said, with folded hands, "Your leave,
Your leave to live for ever in my lord."
Then deeper still in double grief they cried.

And now the ancient city of Kanouj
Was filled with blackest sorrow, as the news
Vibrated through the town, of their dear prince.
Deeply they loved him, and as deeply mourned—
The hero of their bosom in his life,
The idol of their worship in his death—
The royal youth so brave and true and kind,
So sweetly sympathetic to the weak,
The dread of evil-doers, and the friend
Of all the young, the aged and the poor.
But great beyond expression was their grief,
When they were told their tender princess too—
The sweetest Sati, bright and beautiful,

The darling daughter and devoted wife,
The emblem of all purity and grace,
Would sacrifice herself upon the pyre,
And pass through flames to her beloved lord.

They put their mourning garments on, and closed
Their doors and fasted ; and the busy hum
Of life within the town was hushed to death.
And all in tears of sorrow, cries of grief,
Sobs, sighs and wails, poured out in numerous throngs
Of women, men and children, young and old,
Towards the burning grounds on Ganga's banks.

And now behold ! the dark procession comes
With shaven heads and bare-footed and slow,
Bearing upon their shouldered bier, the prince.
In richest silks was he arrayed, and flowers
Of winter's fairest, heaped with incenses
Of balmy odour—liquid musk and rose ;
And on his head, exposed to view, was placed
A coronal of white inwoven wreaths.
Round him had gathered all the city's grief ;
And in their midst, the holy minstrel bands,
With cymbals, bells and drums and conchs and harps,
In chorus of sad voices slowly sang
Their ancient hymns of duty, war and death,
And life and love in happier realms renewed.

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And in the rear, surrounded by her maids,
And dressed in purple garments, as a bride
Conducted to the altar of her love,
Sati in silence followed. But the air
Was tremulous with the mingling swell of sounds,
As in deep thrilling notes her sisters sang :—

Through life, through death,
In love's sweet breath,
The mind and soul immingle ;
The sacred fire
Of heart's desire,
Doth melt and make them single.

In the lamp of thy love-light glister,
Behold the splendour of thy lord ;
In the depth of thy soul, oh sister !
Behold his vision adored.

The warrior on the field of his battle in glory
Was riding on the steed of conquest and fame ;
The princess in her chamber, in moonlight, his story
Remembered, and trembled, and triumphed in his name.
And now in joyance they meet ;
So tender and true and so sweet !
Heart into heart, and mind, and in soul the same.

Thou hast seen the Truth, oh Mother !
In secrets of the soul :—
In death is life's but other
Divided half made whole.
Hail ! hail ! to thee, oh Devi ! of immortal goal.

And all around them in deep chorus cried,
Hail ! hail ! oh Devi ! of immortal goal."

And now they gathered round the sacred pile
Of sandal wood, whereon they laid the prince
As they had borne him, save, that now his face
Was turned away from his beloved land
Towards the home of Agni—and again
They bathed him with the Ganga's water pure.

The weeping crowds now look their last upon him ;
And now the veil is drawn across his face ;
And now the priests with ancient words of power,
Offer their sacrifice of butter, grain,
And flowers and incense. Now they light the pyre
With fire from out the hearth where it had burnt
E'er since his day of wedding. Now the flames
Leap out in many meteors all around,
Curling and reddening in the smoky air ;
And holy Brahmans and the sages sing :—

To the bosom of his Father, oh Agni ! doth he come !
Fire unto Fire, and light into Light ;
Accept him, oh Mother ! on his way to his home,
And lead him through the kingdoms of Morning and Night.

He is laid on thy lap, oh ! Mother of the earth ;
Oh ! radiance of the stars and the glory of Heaven !
Accept him and free him from the bondage of birth ;
Purged through thy flames—in thy mercy forgiven.

The drop from the ocean is drawn to the Sun ;
The infant to the Sire—to her Husband the wife.
The Soul and the Self in their essence are one—
In the union of Love—in the vision of Life.

And now the flames encircled him, and rose
In lightnings o'er the pile, when from the midst
Of her hushed maidens, Sati gently stept
Out to the blazing centre ; and all eyes
Were fixed upon her, as with folded hands
And face uplifted to the sky she stood.
And now her gaze is turned towards the earth ;
And now towards her lord, absorbed in prayer ;
Now like a goddess with a kindling smile,
Seven times in silence walks around the pyre,
And leaps into the bosom of the flames.

The mingling sounds of cymbals, conchs and drums,
With surging swell of multitudinous shouts—
"Oh Devi, Devi, mother, goddess, queen!
Oh purest, holiest, noblest, truest wife!
Oh Sati, Devi, goddess, mother hail!"—
Rang through the air; and louder still the priests
And holy men around the fire did sing:—

On thy altar of love, in their life as in death,
In thy bosom of light that kindles with thy breath,
Oh Agni! they are sleeping;
Oh Mother! united in body and soul,
The lord and the wife now coming to their goal,
Receive in thy keeping.

From the heart's holocaust accept what is thine;
Let the spirits depart to their kingdom divine,
On glory's wings flying!
Rekindle in thy fire the lamp of their life;
Awaken in thy flames the lord and the wife,
Eternal—undying!

For ages unnumbered as the hair on the head,
In the lap of Thy love, e'en as now they are laid,
Oh Father! let them be;
For ages unnumbered as the stars in the night,
As moments to Time, in the home of Thy Light,
Immortal and free!

The flames rolled up, and with them rose the shouts—
" Hail, hail, oh mother, Sati, Devi hail ! "—
Mingled with sobs and sighs. And now the sun,
Moving in mid-day pomp across the sky,
Lingered in his westward march, and gazed
Aslant upon the pyre ; and in his beams
The fire sparkled, and streamed, and curved and curled,
And danced and darted in its bright and blue.

Now hark ! the trumpets flourish from afar
Their notes of triumph, and the gathered sounds
Of human voices swell the echoing breeze—
" Hail, hail, oh Mother-land ! hail mighty King !
Hail Ganga, Yamuna and Saraswati !
And all ye Gods of earth and Heaven, hail !
The foe is conquered and the land is free ! "
And as they drew anear, the meeting sounds
Mingled and rose in tenfold ecstasy—
" Hail, hail, oh Mother-land ! victorious, hail !
Hail, hail, oh mother ! Sati, Devi, hail ! "

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE MOTHER-LAND

Oh India ! oh mother of gods and the sages !
Oh India ! oh mother of heroes and saints !
Thy kingdom is built on the rockbed of ages,
In the bosom of Dharma that falters nor faints !

Oh ! mother of the good and the great and the bold,
Oh ! mother of the pure and the wise and the true !
From thy nectar of life the young and the old
Drink, and the breath of their being renew.

Oh Mother ! uphold thy children today,
As thou didst in the past—we are poor now and weak ;
In the clouds that are thickening in darkness allay
Our fears, and show us the light we should seek.

Oh ! give us the strength of body and soul,
And grant us again the visions of Truth.

Let wisdom be our path, and freedom the goal—
The freedom that liveth for ever in youth.

The freedom that breaks the fetters of the mind,
And opens the heart and awakens the soul:
The freedom to think, to act, and to find
The law of the Life that's its own control.

Oh! teach us to live in thy love—for thy sake
To serve and to suffer; in thy duty to die.
And striving and struggling and aspiring, awake
As brothers and sisters in the heart's unity.

Let all colours and castes and confusions of creeds,
Be silenced for ever in the music of Love.
Let thy sons be as men in the manhood of deeds,
And thy daughters as pure as Agni may prove.

Oh mother! uplift us; oh mother! uphold us;
Let us be as thy children of the ages of yore;
Though fallen, we'll rise—in thy bosom enfold us;
Though weakened, we'll triumph in thy strength as before.

The life of thy martyrs is the light of the land;
The call of thy heroes to duty is its blessing.
Let us live in that light—the hour is at hand
To arise and advance and be ever up-pressing.

So long as the Himalya is thy northern crown,
And thy arms stretch eastwards and westwards to the sea,
May thy kingdom of Dharma to ages go down,
And be thou, oh mother ! as happy and free !

THE NEW AGE

A NEWER spirit, newer life,
And newer hopes, newer desires;
A newer strength, though struggling strife
With bitter blood and death be rife—
Purged through the flames of newer fires.

A new age, and a new awaking,
Where bind and break and bind again,
New forms, to a newer making
Of a world that seems a-shaking—
A newer joy through pangs of pain.

A newer mind, a newer heart,
A soul that is for ever new:
A newer union where they part
To meet anew, and ever start
A newer race of manhood true.

And newer promptings and pulsations,
And newer throbbings, newer throes;
New longings and new aspirations,
And newer kingdoms, newer nations,
In a newer world that grows.

New thoughts, new deeds, new sounds, new sights
New dreams, new visions realized ;
And newer duties, newer rights ;
New eagerness for new delights—
Purer, nobler, undisguised.

A newer faith and fellowship
'Twixt man and man ; a newer goal ;
A newer path whereon to slip
Is not to fall ; a newer grip
That keepeth on without control.

A newer freedom, newer law,
A newer bond of brotherhood ;
A newer manhood which can draw
The young and old, the ripe and raw,
Together to a newer good.

A newer peace out of a war
That madly rages o'er the earth ;
New harmony that none may mar—
A newer glory near and far—
In newer splendour, newer mirth.

Behold the newer light of dawn
That marks the birth of newer day !
Behold the eye of Heaven upon
The wrongs and sorrows undergone
By Man, to smile his tears away !

THE CALL

THE rain is falling, falling,
Falling on the grass ;
The wind is calling, calling,
Calling as I pass.

See, from their mountain pillows
The clouds uplift their head ;
And rouse themselves in thunder,
With lightning banners spread.

'Tis like the roar of battle—
The sound is loud and clear ;
How deep the valleys tremble
At what I joy to hear !

There to the snowy mountains,
Oh mother ! let me go—
Where ripples rock in fountains,
And torrents from them flow.

It is no floating fancy
Of a wayward brain,

In joy of Spring to leave thee,
And pleasures of the plain—

The flowery haunts of woodland,
And pastures, calves and cows;
The hunter's bow and arrows,
And moonlight maiden vows.

The fire is in my bosom;
The fire is in my soul;
A longing heaves within me,
Beyond the mind's control.

The fire is in my bosom;
The fire is in the sky;
But on my lips is silence,
And I must go or die.

Then let me go, oh mother!
And bless me from thy heart;
And as I kneel before thee,
Kiss me ere I part.

When the glooms of evening gather
I'll come again to thee;
And rest beside thy pillow—
Thy child again to be.

But if, perchance, oh mother!
The night is dark and deep,
And still afar I wander,
Then pray for me, nor weep.

He is not lost who lingers;
The light returns with morn;
And hope can never vanish,
Nor thou remain forlorn.

So let me go, oh mother!
The wind is calling still.
Hark to the roar of thunder!
It summons me uphill.

THE RESPONSE

I've heard the call, and I am coming, coming !
I've heard the call of my beloved to me.
Out in the sun-lit glow of morning roaming,
The zephyr wafted it from thee—from thee.
I come, I come through skies of purple beams ;
I come, I come through clouds of golden rays ;
Soft, as the twilight mingles with thy dreams,
Bright, as the love that wakens with thy days.
Oh ! listen to the motions of the breeze ;
Oh ! hearken to the murmurs of the lake ;
And hear the tender warblings from the trees,
And that sweet music which thy soul doth make.
Then see me in thy bosom where thou art—
Eyes into eyes, and lips, and heart to heart !

FREEDOM

WILL the earth quake ? Will the stars tremble ? See !
The smoke dispersing winds have fanned the fire ;
Russia, the frozen land of tyranny,
Glows with new warmth, and breaks her bonds entire !
Freedom ! thou Heaven sent Freedom ! dost inspire
Man with the purpose of a god—to be
A hero, saint, or martyr on the pyre—
Regardless of himself in following thee !
Who fears ? Who shakes ? The fetters chain the feet,
And tortures eat into the flesh and bone,
Or blind the exile in some unknown cell !
But Freedom ! thou canst make all sufferings sweet,
As nectar wormwood ; and the bleeding groan
Of thy beloved one is the oppressor's knell !

TREAD SOFTLY

" TREAD softly, for our bones are buried here !
Tread softly o'er the scattered stones, where lie
The ashes of the hearts in days gone by
Were sovereign o'er the land thou fill'st with fear.
Tread softly, oh ! thou man of pride, and pause,
Ere dashing headlong in thy mad career,
Thou perish'st, and thy bones are buried here,
And have with us to grieve yet deeper cause."
He gazed in awe upon the mouldering heaps
That lay about him, where the mighty dead
Slept, each in his own stately sepulchre.
And still the voice of one that laughs and weeps,
Came weirdly to his trembling ears, and said—
" Tread softly ere thy bones are buried here ! "

THE BEGGAR MAID

I SAT upon the pathway,
  Apart and all alone ;
Unfriended, and a stranger—
  Unfriended and unknown !

Upon the lonely pathway,
  They saw me poor and weak ;
A sight of woe and pity—
  They saw, but would not speak.

I gazed in anxious sorrow
  Towards them as they passed ;
But no one on the stranger
  A casual eye would cast.

I looked, and lay unheeded ;
  And looked again, and sighed ;
A cry arose within me—
  I checked it, and it died.

And then upon the pathway
  There came a little child ;

Alone he was and naked,
And yet he looked and smiled!

His eyes were deep and tender,
But strange his face and wild;
Alone upon the pathway—
And yet he looked and smiled!

He paused upon the pathway,
Where I unnoticed slept;
And gazed and gazed upon me—
And smiled! I saw and wept.

ALONE

ALONE within the forest,
I watch and wait for thee ;
And start at every motion
Of rustling wind to see,

If of thy nearing footsteps
The welcome sound I hear,
And through the closing darkness
Thy beaming eyes appear.

But still afar thou linger'st,
Unmindful all of me ;
The evening shadows gather—
Oh God ! if night should be.

He could not have forgotten
The promise that he made :—
Dark and deep is the forest—
With dangers overspread !

No, no ! I will not tremble ;
He yet will come to me.
How fast the night approaches—
Oh God ! 'tis he—'tis he !

THE LOVE-LORN

EVEN unto my secret heart
I dare not speak of thee.
A mighty lord of earth thou art—
And I—alas for me!

But every morning at my door
I stand alone to see,
If thou wouldst come, as once before
Thou didst, to enravish me.

The morning melteth into night—
Yet more for thee I yearn;
Wouldst thou not show thy heavenly sight
To me on thy return?

For years on years have I been waiting,
In silence all alone;
To thee my bosom dedicating,
And all I call my own.

When sometimes from the fragrant field
The wind knocks at my door,
Then I believe that thou concealed,
Hast come to me once more.

And sometimes at my window leaning,
An unknown bird doth sing,
And I imagine in its meaning
The message of my king.

Oh ! let me wait and watch for ever,
Thy glorious light to see ;
And if I die in this endeavour,
Thou mayst remember me.

For now, e'en to my secret heart,
I dare not speak of thee.
A mighty lord of love thou art,
And I—alas for me !

AN OFFERING

Oh ! take these roses of the field,
The sweetest of the year.
Oh ! take these roses fair that yield
Their fragrance when anear.

It is the season of the Spring,
And every heart is gay ;
The breeze is softly whispering
Its tales to flowers all day.

The birds on every bough are singing
Their love tunes to their mates ;
The lotus on the lake is swinging,
Where lo ! the white swan waits.

Mine are but roses of the field—
The sweetest in thy sight ;
The roses that my life have sealed,
In silence, with delight.

Then let me linger at thy feet,
Within thy beauty's bowers ;

And scatter, to thy smiles so sweet,
The wealth of heart's true flowers.

Oh! take these roses of the field—
An offering of the soul:
The roses that have thus revealed
My bosom to thée whole!

PEACE

It is the hour of sunset, and the sky
Is robed in purple, as a lovely bride
With ruby lips and veil thrown half aside,
Waiting for her sweet lord with longing eye.
The air is fresh and fragrant, and the sea
In smiling joy its boundless bosom heaves,
With ringing music of the rising waves;
And far from here its weary whisper leaves,
The broken echo of a world that raves;
Its murmur hushed in new-born notes of glee.

Lulled by the laughter of the sky and earth,
The heart forgets her sorrow, and suspends
Her breath in silent rapture, and descends
Upon the soul the vision of its birth.
Immeasurable waters! and the sky
Immeasurable! and this wondrous light
In rainbow smiles of Indra, all around—
Resting and rocking and rolling in delight,
And swelling with the mirth of many a sound
That fills the ocean's ears unceasingly!

And now the mantle of approaching night
Falls gently o'er the drowsy eyes of day;

The roseate glow of evening melts away,
Softly, beyond the western waves, to white.
Now o'er the earth a veil of mystery
In silver silence all around is spread ;
And not a sound is heard or sight is seen,
Except the lingering echoes hither led
Of boatmen's shouts, and distant lights between
The mingling bosoms of the sky and sea.

The moon hath risen, and the stars appear,
And heaven is watching with the eyes of light ;
And in my heart a newer hope is bright
With varied splendours of the atmosphere.
The mind is hushed, and all its motions cease
Of wayward fancy and unquiet thought ;
And in the happy island of the soul
Awakes a joy in radiance unforgot—
Which o'er the world's tumultuous uncontrol
Doth smile, and softly whisper, " Here is Peace ! "

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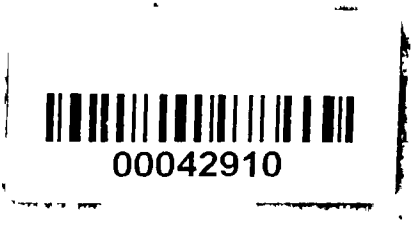

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